

Poetry.

To-morrow.

"You'll come to-morrow, then," light words lightly said,
Gayly she waved her little hand, gayly she bared his head.
"You'll come to-morrow, then," and the man on his hand went,
With a tender prayer on heart and lip, yet on his work intent.

The woman's moment lingered; "would he turn for a parting look?"
Then with half a smile and half a sigh, her household butler took.

"You'll come to-morrow, then," and when the morning broke,
Pale lips to the crowded city, of the "railway accident" spoke:

A strong man in a stranger's home, in death's dread quiet lay,
And a woman sobbed a full heart out in a cottage a mile away.

So light our thoughts leap onward, so lightly we hope and plan,
While Fate waits grimly by and smiles, to watch her plaything—man—

Discounting the dim strange future, while his blind eyes cannot see,
What a silent sly, four brings; where the next step may be.

And love floats laughing onward, and at his side glides sorrow,
While men and women between them walk and say, "We'll meet to-morrow!"

—All the Year Round.

Before The Leaves Fall.

I wonder if oak and maple,
Willow and elm and all,
Are stirred at the heart by the coming
Of the day their leaves must fall?
Do they think of the yellow whirlwind,
Or know of the crimson spray,
That shall be when chill November
Bears all their leaves away?

Perhaps beside the water
The willow bends serene
As when her young leaves glistened
In a mist of golden green.
But the brave old oak is flushing
To a wine-dark red and deep,
And maple and elm are blushing
The blush of a child asleep.

"If die we must," the leaflets
Seem once by one to say,
"We shall wear the color of gladiolus,
Until we pass away.
No eye shall see us fall;
And before we lay it down
We'll wear, in the light of all the earth,
The year's most kindly crown."

"So trees of the stately forest,
And trees by the tradition way,
You are kindling into glory
This soft autumnal day;
And we who gaze remember
More than all they lost,
To hearts and trees together
May come through the ripening frost."

Selected Tale.

MARRIED FOR FUN.

"What has been planned for to-morrow evening?" cried a chorus of voices, as a small company of young people, camping out among the New Hampshire mountains, were about to separate for the night.

"The question brought two or three early birds, who were hastening to their tents, back among the rest of the company to discuss some new plan of sport for the next evening's entertainment. Several plans were suggested, but none of them met the approval of the whole party.

"Mr. Carlson, you have as yet suggested nothing. What do you think it would be pleasant to do to-morrow night?" asked one of the young ladies.

"I, Miss Mary?" answered the young man addressed, who until this moment had been leaning indifferently against a tree. "I am going to the village to-morrow, and probably will not return until the following day."

The faces of the whole party fell, while it was evident from their looks of regret that Mr. Carlson was a great favorite in camp.

"Mr. Carlson must have found some modern Maud Muller, who offers attractions much superior to ours, else he would not make such frequent journeys to the large metropolis of Meadville." This remark was made in a very sarcastic tone by a young lady who was stirring the dying embers of the camp-fire, thereby causing a shower of sparks to fly around her.

The blood mounted high into the face of the gentleman addressed, and, reaching out his hand to brush off a spark which had fallen on the young lady's dress, Mr. Carlson said in a low tone: "Miss Thurston, what matters it to you if I go or stay?"

But before his question could be answered, Carlson's sister cried vehemently: "Oh, friends, let him go. He told me he had a business appointment, and Arthur will never break an appointment, no matter how trivial, unless, perhaps, for a wedding or funeral."

"Well, a funeral we will not have, even to keep your charming company, Art," cried a joyous voice. "We might have a wedding," the owner of the voice continued: "I wouldn't mind being party to that myself, and the speaker looked mischievously at one of the ladies, who colored deeply and walked away in seeming anger.

"Heral here!" cried all the gentlemen, laughingly, "who will volunteer to have a wedding on Carlson's account?"

The boyish voice spoke again: "No one loves you well enough, Art, to be married for you but me, and I suppose I can't be a wedding all by myself."

"I will help you out in that, Cousin John, gayly cried Miss Thurston; "I have been meditating marriage for some time, and this is the first opportunity—well," she said, rather hesita-

tingly, "this is the first opportunity which I have cared to embrace."

"But, Margie," replied her Cousin John, as if greatly perplexed, "you see, not anticipating this event, and never having been encouraged by you to consider myself a candidate for such honor, I have spoken to another girl upon the same subject."

Every one joined in the laugh at Miss Thurston's expense except Arthur Carlson. "Miss Thurston," he said, when the laugh had subsided, "you have been jilted; allow me to offer you reparation. If it is only the opportunity you care to embrace, a change of groom can make but little difference. If you will be first party to the contract I will agree to be second, and will return to-morrow evening, with all necessary preliminaries, in time for our wedding."

"You are certainly very kind, Mr. Carlson," replied Miss Thurston, laughingly. "People who are so generous seldom expect their generosity to be accepted, but I shall surprise you by agreeing to your proposition."

"I was in earnest when I made the proposition, Miss Thurston."

"And I in earnest when I accepted it, Mr. Carlson."

These two were ever at sword's point. They had quarreled together since babyhood, and although, up to this time, each had guarded the secret jealously from the other, yet it was evident to most of their friends that the two were dearer to each other in their quarrels than many other people in their friendships.

The party now separated for the night, elated at the prospect of the next evening's entertainment, but that the jest would become reality never entered their thoughts.

When the party breakfasted the next morning Mr. Carlson was already on his way to the village. It was agreed that part of the day should be spent in preparing a place for the mock ceremony. Miss Thurston was the gayest of the gay, and peals of merry laughter woke answering echoes from rock and cliff. Only once or twice, when alone in her tent, her cheeks paled and she wondered what Arthur Carlson would do, for he had looked determined the night before.

"Well," said Miss Thurston to herself, "your word is given now, Margaret Louise Thurston, and a Thurston was never known to break their word."

In the late afternoon her friends came to dress her for the wedding. They draped her in some fluffy, white dress, which filled out the girlish white form to the best, coiled the luxuriant brown hair around her head, and placed a bunch of simple mountain flowers at her belt. Never before had she looked so beautiful nor so defiant. A commotion outside the tent announced Carlson's return, and Miss Thurston, surrounded by laughing friends, went out to meet them.

"Margie," said her cousin John, striding up to her angrily, "this farce has gone far enough. Carlson is certainly demented. He has brought a full-fledged parson with him without even mentioning that this is all jest. You must put a stop to it at once, for it is a downright shame to trifle with such serious things to this extent."

At these words Miss Thurston grew very pale, but her friends laughed and said: "Of course he is not a real minister, John Shepherd. This is only part of the joke."

"Yes, he is a real minister," was the reply, "for I heard him preach in the village only last Sunday."

At this moment Mr. Carlson came up. He, too, was pale, but his eyes burned with an intense fire.

"Miss Thurston," he said, "I was in terrible earnest when I said what I did last evening. In proof of which I have procured license and minister. Will you be my wife?"

Those who had been most forward in urging on the joke were now most earnest in dissuading their friends against such a highly improper proceeding, but Carlson's intense eyes were upon Margaret's face, and his voice said: "You and I have lived for fun all our lives; let us now be married for fun."

The very demon of recklessness took possession of Miss Thurston's spirit. If Carlson had asked her there, before them all, to marry him for love, she would have turned away, shocked and grieved—but for fun; yes, she would dare as much as he, and she immediately stepped to Carlson's side, remarking in a laughing tone: "Yes, Mr. Carlson, I will marry you for fun."

"Margie, this cannot go on. What will your father say and feel?" and her cousin stormed up and down before the tents, appealing first to one and then to the other, but all to no avail. At this moment the minister whom Mr. Carlson had secured, stepped out of his tent, and the young couple took the places which had been prepared for them when a mock ceremony had been in view.

A silence fell over the little group as the solemn words of the beautiful Episcopal service fell upon their ears. Then rang out the responses: From the bride, low and defiant; from the groom, clear and determined.

"That you may so live together in this life that in the world to come you may have life everlasting," Margaret never forgot these words. In coming days she repeated them over and over to herself until she almost prayed to have them blotted out from her memory.

By the time the ceremony had finished the audience had concluded that the affair had been planned before-hand in secret, and that they were the dupes of the joke. Accordingly, never was company gayier than theirs that night, and the merry-making was continued into the morning hours.

The camp broke up in a day or two. Mr. and Mrs. Carlson parting from their friends in apparently high spirits. Arrived at their home, where the news had preceded them, the couple were received with real forgiveness, for, undoubtedly, the match was a splendid one. Judge Thurston's family had been known and honored in the community for years; while Mr. Carlson was the junior member of a large and wealthy firm dealing in fine imported goods.

Two weeks passed after their return in which Arthur saw but little of his wife. Judge Thurston's summer residence was a number of miles from the city, and the gentlemen could only run down over Sunday. On these days the two were as uncomfortable as possible in each other's presence and avoided being left alone together. One quiet Sabbath evening Arthur came out of the judges' library with a pale face and set lips. Ascending the stairs with faltering steps, he sought his wife's room and knocked at the door. "Come in," said a low voice. Entering he saw Margaret sitting in a low chair, with her light brown hair falling around her shoulders in great profusion. He had never seen her so before, and some great men at auction prevented his noticing the look of glad surprise which flashed into his wife's face as she perceived who her visitor was. Mr. Carlson checked the impetuous words which rose to his lips, and spoke in a voice of constrained coldness. "Margaret," he said, advancing to her side, "I desire a few moments' conversation if it will not inconvenience you."

The light died out of the bright face at these seemingly cold words. "You have occupied my time so little of late that I can give you a few moments without great inconvenience," she replied, without rising. "You and I have made a great mistake, Margie," her husband continued sadly. "I take my due share of the blame; but even I would never dare do this if I had not thought—but no matter what I thought. We were married for fun, of course, and now we do not find it so much fun as we anticipated. I have been speaking with your father. He will not hear to a divorce, nor is there sufficient grounds for one if we desired. But he agrees with me; that you and I cannot live in this mutual state of unhappiness. I would give anything if I could undo the past, but that is impossible. It is necessary that one member of our firm live abroad. I consider the necessity very opportune, and shall have all my arrangements completed by next week to sail for Europe. This is not so hard for me, for I am a man, but you—God forgive me for what—"

"You mistake, Mr. Carlson," interrupted his wife, jolly. "It is the easiest and most appropriate thing that could be done."

Arthur looked down at the figure before him. The darkness and the wavy masses of hair hid her face, else he surely would have seen the white lips, and burning, tearless eyes. "I do not blame you, Margie," he said, gently, but sadly. "I only wonder that you can hear me here at all. I crave your forgiveness, and I pray God that I may not utterly blight your happy life."

Arthur waited a moment as if to hear one word of farewell, but the figure before him never moved or spoke.

Then, gazing intently at his wife, to imprint upon his mind a picture that he never forgot, he turned and left the room.

All night long Margaret sat in the little, low chair where Arthur had left her. Only once she stooped to pick up a crushed flower, with which he had been playing, and pressed it passionately to her lips.

Two years now passed away, and the following winter found Judge Thurston and his daughter under the gentle skies of Florence. The Judge was suffering in health, which, some said, was due to Margaret's unlucky marriage. However that was, the two were very dear to each other and were rarely seen apart.

Several days after their arrival in Florence Margaret met their landlady in the hall, who, with a tray in her hand, was just coming out of the room opposite. Stopping to inquire if anyone were ill, the kind, but gossip little landlady began to tell in broken Italian of the young foreigner who had come to her a few weeks before, and who shortly after had been taken ill with a fever, and now was very ill indeed. She said the young man had no friends, and that the good doctor often came away looking very grave indeed. After this day many a dainty bouquet and basket of luscious fruit found its way to the sick man, while the landlady often told the young gentleman of the tall, sad-faced lady who had sent the gifts. One day, as this same lady stepped out of her room prepared for a drive, she met the doctor returning from a visit to his patient. The doctor advanced toward her hesitatingly.

"You are an American, miss?" he said at last.

"Yes, sir."

Margaret answered so pleasantly

that the doctor continued with more assurance, at the same time waving his hand toward the room he had just left:

"There is a young man in there, miss, who is not long for this world. He is an American, also. It is very hard to die so, miss—to great distance from one's people, and no kind friends near."

"You are right," Margaret answered gravely. "It is indeed hard. My father spoke yesterday of going in to see the gentleman. He is out just at present, but if I may I will go in now."

After a moments' absence the doctor returned and conducted Margaret into the room. The curtains were closely drawn, and coming from light into the darkness she was blinded for a moment. Not so with the sick man. Looking up to greet his visitor he uttered a sharp cry and the one word "Margie!"

Margaret stood as if stunned, and then, advancing rapidly to the bed she knelt down beside it and buried her face in the pillows. The poor doctor with a confused look turned and left the room. There was a moment's silence, broken only by Margaret's low sobbing. The form before her seemed to be the wreck of a once strong and beautiful manhood. The sick man was Arthur Carlson. He raised his thin, wasted hand and tenderly stroked the bright locks on the pillow beside him. "Poor little Margie," he said faintly, "you will soon be free now."

Then, Margaret never knew how, she forgot everything connected with the past, she only remembered that the man lying there before her, sick unto death, was her husband. At last the proud spirit was humbled, and she confessed what she had so jealously guarded in her breast for so long. "O, Arthur," she cried in her agony, "O, my husband, only forget the past and try to live for the future. God helping me, I will yet win your love."

The white face on the pillow lit up like the countenance of the dying who see heavenly visions. The excitement of the moment gave Arthur back his strength. Raising himself on his elbow, he lifted the lovely head beside him until he could look into the lovely eyes. In one moment they read the mistake of those years in each other's eyes. Each had loved, each had misunderstood. "Great God! is it possible?" but the momentary strength forsook the frame of the sick man and he fell back on his pillow like one dead.

The doctor, still much confused, had waited in the hall, from which he was now hastily summoned to the sick room.

For many days the flickering flame of life burned low, but it was fed from the fountain of love in the breast which now so often pillowed the weary head. The kind old doctor worked and watched as he had never done before, and he and the little landlady had many a whispered consultation in the hall about the turn which affairs had taken.

At last death was conquered. But it was not for many weeks—not until Arthur was strong enough to ride out by the sparkling blue sea—did the two speak of the past. Then, when they had put it away forever, Arthur drew his wife to him very tenderly and said: "Our love was born so long ago that it almost had no beginning, and now, thank God, it will never know an ending."

Canned Foods.

Brevet Major General J. P. Hawkins has written an article to the *American Grocer* on the use of canned foods in the army as follows:

The army posts throughout the United States have been for a long period, now nearly 20 years, supplied with canned articles, fruits, meats, vegetables and preserves. Many of the posts are located where it is not possible to cultivate gardens, either on account of poverty of the soil, lack of rainfall, or rigor of climate, and, as a consequence, there is hardly a military station in the land where officers and soldiers and their families do not habitually use canned foods, and, as a class, army people are without doubt the largest consumers of canned articles in proportion to their number of any other in the country. While one occasionally sees an article in a newspaper telling how some one has been taken sick by reason of having eaten something from a can, yet, in all my army experience (and for many years I have been Chief Commissary of a military department, and as such had charge of supplying posts with all their subsistence), I have never known or heard of a case of canned goods poisoning in the army.

The canned foods used are not of any particular packing either. We buy a good article, and from any packer that will furnish a proper quality, and there is considerable competition among packers to furnish us. Nor are our canned foods purchased in any particular section of the country, but usually from the packer or manufacturer who converts the crude material into the canned article, and our points of purchase extend from Maine to Texas, and from the Atlantic to the Gulf. So it will be seen that our army supply is drawn from the same sources that supply the people at large, and that civilians and our army consume the same canned articles and under the same circumstances. I recently inquired of our medical director, Lieut. Col. John E. Summers, Surgeon, U. S.

A., a careful and skilled observer in his duties, and of large experience in his army profession, whether he had ever known of a case of poisoning in the army which might be attributed to canned goods, or whether any of his medical officers at military posts had ever reported such a case to him. To both inquiries he answered, No; he had never known or heard of such a case. As in his official capacity he has been for many years in the constant receipt of formal reports concerning the health and mortality of all the posts throughout the country, and statements as to causes operating to influence the health of every command, it would certainly follow that if ever there was a suspicion on the part of a medical officer that any canned food was the cause of a sickness or a disorder, there would be every probability in favor of its being reported and known to him and to the entire medical profession of the Army.

A further important fact in this connection is that soldiers often report sick to the surgeon for very trifling ailments, and as a class they are under more watchful scrutiny than any other class of people; and so if a case of poisoning which could justly be attributed to canned goods were ever to occur among them, even if not fatal or serious, there would be but a small chance that it would not come to the knowledge of the Post Surgeon. It would be almost an impossibility that he would be ignorant of the case and the cause.

Deductions from the foregoing may be fairly made that the reports of poisoning by eating canned food are not to be believed, or are only to be believed when it may have occurred by reason of the person having eaten from a can the food in which was evidently spoiled, and so spoiled that the appearance of the can would surely have indicated the unsound condition of its contents to a person exercising ordinary care. If a person buys tainted meat from the butcher and eats it, knowing it to be a little off, and is taken sick, he must blame himself for trifling with his health; and likewise if he buys canned food of suspicious appearance, must expect to pay in health for carelessness or temerity. Therefore, having no apprehension as to the method of packing an article whether in tin or in glass, whether soldered with the aid of an acid, or soldered inside or outside the can, there is every reason to consider canned articles as good as any food can be. The experience of our army ought to be conclusive on this subject. And no person having a decent knowledge of what is good or bad, sound or unsound, could be misled into eating an improper article from a can, any easier than he could be induced into eating a decayed potato, or a tainted piece of butcher's meat.

Not a Bad Nature.

Smith—You have heard of B's failure? Liabilities about \$700,000; that's all.

Jones—That's enough. What are his assets?

Smith—Well, he is very much respected, teaches a class in Sunday School, is a deacon in the church, never drinks or smokes, his wife is a Rurickian, his mother once shook hands with the Prince of Wales, and his brother is an intimate friend of Lord Mintohead. These are all of his assets, I believe.

Jones—Those are enough. He'll pull through all right.

Mistaken Identity.

Two old colored women were baptized in the James river. One snorted quietly, while the other came out of the water all excitement, shouting, "I saw Gabrill I saw Gabrill right in de bottom ob de ribber! Bress my heart for dat vishun ob glory."

"Dash your mouf, Dilsy," said the less excitable one; "dat was nuffin but a big terrapin. I done seed dat myself."

Exported American ice is generally very highly spoken of. Unexported, it is very generally cracked up.

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WILL McDONALD, 2512 Duane Street, Chicago, carefully asks, whether a cure of Salt Rheum on hand, neck, face, arms, and legs for seventeen years, and a cure of the same on his wife for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; that he cured or remedied; doctor put him to bed, and he was cured.

Chas. Houghton, Esq., lawyer, 28 State St., Boston, reports a case of Salt Rheum under his observation for ten years, which covered the patient's body and limbs, and to which all known methods of treatment had been applied without

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered untold tortures from Salt Rheum, which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. After the most careful doctoring, and a consultation of physicians failed to relieve him he

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 (type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an infla-

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COUGH, COLD, ROSE, GOLD, HEAD, DEAFNESS, HAY FEVER, RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, MEASLES, Mumps, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Stomach Ache, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Migraine, Hay Fever, Catarrh of the Bladder, Catarrh of the Uterus, Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Colon, Catarrh of the Stomach, Catarrh of the Liver, Catarrh of the Gallbladder, Catarrh of the Pancreas, Catarrh of the Spleen, Catarrh of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, Catarrh of the Uterus, Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Colon, Catarrh of the Stomach, Catarrh of the Liver, Catarrh of the Gallbladder, Catarrh of the Pancreas, Catarrh of the Spleen, Catarrh of the Kidneys.

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A Great Problem.
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—Take all the Great health restorers,
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—Qualities of all the best medicines in the
world, and you will find that —Hopp
—Hitters have the best curative quality

and powers of all —concentrated
—In them, and that they will cure when
any or all of these singly or —combined
—Fail. A thorough trial will give posi-
tive proof of this.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing

ing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would now have been in my grave. J. W. Money, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one

month we were all well, and none of us
 have seen a sick day since, and I want to
 say to all poor men, you can keep your fam-
 ily well a year with Hup Bitters for less
 than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."

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HUP None genuine without a bunch of green
 Hops on the white label. Shun all other pale-

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OPPOSITE PELHAM STREET,
Offer the citizens of Newport their supply of

Pure Ice,
Harvested from the Lilly Pond, which is ac-
knowledge to be the purest water supply in
this vicinity. Perfectly free from agricultural
and other drainage.

L. D. Davis, President; G. R. Reynolds, Treasurer; Gleason Smith, Superintendent.
Thos. Goodling, L. L. Simmons, Melville Hall
8-3-11 Directors.

The Newport Mercury.

JOHN J. F. NEWBORN, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1884.

Governor Cleveland had a monster reception in Buffalo Thursday night. There was a torch light procession eight long. There were at least 15,000 men in line.

The opponents of the Republican party have one issue upon which they are agreed, viz: Abuse of the Republican candidates. But then that has been their only stock in trade for the last twenty-five years. So it frightens nobody.

A new one cent evening daily has been started in Providence, called the Evening Mail. It is published by Schofield, Truender & Co. the proprietors of the R. I. Democrat. The paper is democratic in politics. We hope that it will meet with unbounded success.

Mr. Blaine is having the greatest reception in Ohio that any man ever received. Hundreds of thousands of persons have flocked to greet him from far and near. Ohio is thoroughly alive to the vital issues of this campaign and will give a good account of herself one week from next Tuesday.

It is commonly believed that Mr. Levi P. Morton, our minister to France, is to be appointed Secretary of the Treasury and that Secretary Gresham will be appointed to the vacant judgeship on the Circuit Court bench. No better appointment could be made than that of Mr. Morton.

The State of Maine is the most advanced temperance state of the Union. Mr. Blaine has always been a sufficiently good temperance man to suit the temperance people of that State. Will our temperance friends explain wherein he fails to meet the requirements of the friends of temperance elsewhere?

The so-called prohibition party declares that the Republicans have never done anything for the cause of temperance. Read the proclamation of the Ohio Liquor Dealers' Protective Association. They evidently do not agree with our prohibition friends. They say: "We heretofore repeat what was asserted at many previous occasions, that the only safety against prohibition lies in the defeat of the republican party and in the election of a democratic national administration; and not until then will the fanatics weaken in their fight for prohibition."

Will our prohibition friends tell us how they expect to help the cause by voting for St. John? Do they expect to elect him? If not, what do they expect to do? Answer: Weaken the Republican party so that the Democratic party shall come into power. This is the only possible thing they can do. If they succeed in doing that will the cause of temperance be served? Will it aid in putting out a conflagration to pour on oil? Will it aid temperance to put in power the party whose platform declares against all "sumptuary laws?"

The Providence Press Company has changed hands. Mr. Z. L. White, who for a number of years has been the able editor of the Star and Press, is now sole proprietor of the two papers. He will continue the publication of the Star as usual; the Press has been discontinued and the Evening News takes its place. Mr. White has been an able and successful editor and under his sole management the papers will probably be more popular than ever. We wish him all success.

The State Temperance Union of Kansas has issued an address to the friends of temperance in that State urging the importance of voting for the Republican ticket. It shows clearly that a vote for St. John is a vote for Cleveland and that the election of Cleveland would be a triumph for license in every form, and the rule of those influences which are opposed to social order and the restriction of self-indulgence.

What the people of Newport would like to know is Mr. Cleveland a Free Trader or Protectionist? The Daily News, a few days since, defied the Republican speakers to prove either case. Will Mr. Darsheimer please tell us to-night. It is currently reported that he holds the key to the situation in a letter written by the Governor commending the Carlisle-Morrison Free Trade bill of last winter.

At a Conference of Congressional ministers in Boston a few days since, which was attended by some of the most prominent divines in the country, the Blaine sentiment was very strong. The entire meeting was unanimous for Blaine and the Republican party. Rev. Dr. Webb analyzed the contents of the Mulligan letters, so called, declaring his confidence in Mr. Blaine's integrity, a conclusion which was received with applause. In closing, he declared that with his conscience and his heart he proposed to vote for Mr. Blaine, and expected to see him elected.

Judge Donahue of the New York Supreme Court has decided that there is no law to prevent the Aldermen of that city from giving a horse railroad company the right to build a surface road on Broadway. He therefore dissolves the injunction. In his opinion he says, "If under the permission or without permission, the defendant company should procure the consent of the majority of the property owners on Broadway, I for one do not see why the city of New York should make a profit out of the street in front of houses on Broadway, the owners of which desire the construction of the railway. In other words, I see no reason why the street in front of my house, or any other individual's house in New York, should be sold for the benefit of the city for an object which its property owners desire in that street."

W. A. Reubling, the Brooklyn Bridge engineer, has returned from Europe in better health.

STRONG TESTIMONY FOR THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Respectfully Committed to Our Prohibition Friends.

Rev. Dr. William M. Thayer, who had supported St. John for Governor of Kansas, said in a minister's meeting in Boston, that the differences between the Republican and Democratic parties were of as much importance to-day as they ever were. He said that either Blaine or Cleveland was to be the next President, and for one he wanted to cast his vote where it would count. A vote for St. John, he said, was worse than throwing away, for it in reality goes to assist in bringing about the triumph of the new Democracy. A man who votes for Blaine is the only one who casts his vote for prohibition. Blaine is a man who, for thirty years, has worked with the temperance men of Maine, and if he enters the White House, he will carry there as good an example as did Mr. Hayes.

The Rev. K. R. Meredith said that he was too good a temperance man to vote for St. John. He could not vote as the brewers and distillers wished. It is puerile nonsense, this St. John movement. He went on to speak of the state of affairs in Iowa, saying the Brewers' Association of that State had voted, with one dissenting voice, to give their support to the Democracy.

Dr. Quint of Dover, N. H., said that he was a Prohibitionist, and that in 1860 he cast his last Democratic vote. He should not care to cast another, whether for Cleveland, Butler or St. John. Dr. Quint said that he had read the Mulligan letters, and was satisfied that James G. Blaine was an honest man. He regarded Mr. Blaine's nomination as a rebuke to the machine and as a response to the voice of the great mass of the party. Mr. Quint said that he had gone to the front in the Rebellion to thereby atone for voting for James Buchanan, and he could see no change in the relations of the Democratic and Republican parties to-day. He had found no man intending to vote for St. John, whose principal reason was not a desire to defeat the Republican party. Mr. Quint said that he was an out and out Prohibitionist, but he could see no wisdom in voting for St. John.

The Rev. Dr. Dick of the Congregational Church of Buffalo, said that the members of his church had voted ignorantly for Cleveland. He had lived in Buffalo for thirty years, you say; but he was not known to the church people, for he did not go to church.

Notes for Mr. Curtis to Crack.

The Boston Journal propounds certain questions to Mr. Geo. William Curtis which for that gentleman's reputation it will be well if he can answer in a manner to satisfy many who have heretofore been his staunch friends. The Journal asks:

"Did you not say, while on a visit to this city prior to the meeting of the Republican Convention that you should vote for and support Mr. Blaine if he were fairly nominated?"

It further says: "If this be so, and we have reputable witnesses to prove the utterance of this pledge, will you please explain why in the course of a few short weeks you experienced a change of mind?"

Not content with thus perplexing the mind of an immaculate independent the Journal goes on to ask other important questions. As for instance,

"What investigation, if any, did you as editor of Harper's Weekly, or as a public man, seeking after the truth, ever make regarding the moral character of Grover Cleveland? The case of Maria Halpin has been admitted as essentially truthful in all its details by the friends of Grover Cleveland. Suppose that he repented of this and other evil doing of the kind—of which supposed repentance, by the way, he has never given any evidence—do you think that the premium for repentance should be the Presidency of the United States?"

"Were you the chairman of a school committee would you feel justified in placing a man of the known and admitted impurity of character of Grover Cleveland at the head of an educational institution? If your reply is in the negative, will you explain why such a man is totally unfit for a subordinate position, and peculiarly adapted to the Presidency of a great Nation?"

Commissioner Gregory on Political Assessments.

In a letter written, a few days since, to the editor of the Washington Evening Star, Mr. Gregory sets forth the position of the Civil Service Commission with regard to the assessment of government employees, to meet the expenses of political campaigns. Among other things he says: "It was the design of Congress that the Government clerk should have the same absolute freedom in the use and enjoyment of his earnings that is possessed by the clerks in banks and business houses in his vicinity. He is employed to work for the people and not for a party, and his pay comes from the people and not from his party. What he earns is therefore his own, and it is the grossest tyranny to extort from him any part of his earnings by a threat of removal, or by a promise of promotion. Beyond such protection as is referred to, Congress could not go. The Government clerk is like any other citizen. He may, if he choose, connect himself with any association, and voluntarily bear his part in meeting the expenses connected with the carrying out the plans and purposes of such an association. In all these respects he is free, and no one has a right to call him to account."

Our temperance friends should bear in mind that a vote for St. John is half a vote for Cleveland. Now if they are so enraged at the Republican party and Mr. Blaine that they desire the success of the Democratic party, why not vote for Cleveland direct.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Letter from Prof. Lincoln of Newton Theological Seminary.—The Political Issues Placed in their true Light.—Respectfully Dedicated to our Prohibition Friends.—Read and Consider.

The following letter, written by Prof. Lincoln of the Newton Theological Seminary, should be read by every voter in the land. Prof. Lincoln is one of the leading Baptist divines in the country, and is well known to our Baptist friends in this city.

I hold in my hands a letter from the most honest leader of the Independent, whose friendship is an inspiration, whose noble life commands universal esteem, and whose sincerity I cannot question, even when his course is inexplicable. He expresses his amazement at my support of a candidate "whose success would be disastrous to the Republican party and demoralizing to the national character." But he declines my request to explain his present position, since, he adds, "my whole mind and all my recorded words fall to forget it."

I find no relief in the letter. I am lost in wonder at his course and that of his associates. I understand why they will not vote for Mr. Blaine, with their impressions of his character. But how they can vote for the Democratic party, whose principles they have loathed and whose history excites their contempt, is a problem beyond my depth. Can men of integrity throw away their principles, like a worn-out coat, and assume new ones to suit the fashion of the hour? The "silver rule" which joined the Democracy by opening of the civil war. It was a natural change for their sympathies had always been on the side of slavery. But many of the Independent leaders were radical abolitionists, and others were patriot soldiers. Now they are laboring eagerly for the success of the solid South. Such treason to freedom has been unknown since the days of Benedict Arnold. It is no apology for the treason that the Republicans have committed an unworthy candidate. If the Independent party, cannot wish the success of the Democratic party, he would have been a sorry specimen of a Christian who deserted to the pagans because Constantine was an unworthy Christian Emperor. And he is a caricature of a Republican who labors to re-state the South in control of the Government because he distrusts Mr. Blaine.

The Independent leaders at first excused their blunder in joining the Democratic party by extravagant eulogies of Gov. Cleveland. He was the man of the nineteenth century, of saintly character, a model of honor and uprightness, worthy of universal support. It would have been a bitter pill to swallow the Democratic party, but for the sugar-coating of Gov. Cleveland's extraordinary merits. The apology was lame enough at best. Even the Boston Herald confessed it and said, "A candidate is not better than his party." In voting for him one supports the party. But Independent leaders quailed uneasy consciences by the plea that in the present campaign, character was of higher value than political principles, and that they were surely in the right in putting a blameless man at the head of the nation, even if he were a Democrat. Their knees must have smote together, like Belshazzar's, when the terrible writing on the wall proclaimed to the world, that the candidate they had worshiped as little less than a God, was a moral leper. They were convicted of the double folly of laboring for the Democratic party and of elevating a libertine to the White House.

But, like the doomed King of Babylon, they did not heed the warning. They went willingly on their chosen course, they having indulged an immoral party, did not shrink from endorsing an immoral candidate. Virgil's terrible proverb was against them; the descent to Avernus is easy, but to retrace the course and return to the light is a work of prodigious difficulty. It was too much for them. The more honest among their followers took alarm and began to desert the ranks. But the leaders were too proud to confess their folly and went from bad to worse. My knowledge is limited, but I have not heard of a single Independent leader who had the manliness to confess his mistake. The New York Evening Post, priding itself on its lofty tone, plunged boldly into the mire and declared that chastity is not an essential virtue to public men, and Henry Ward Beecher hastened to commend it as a model paper, maintaining a higher standard of morals than ever before. These leaders seem smitten with judicial blindness. They think that two or three sentences in private letters, to which they attach a dishonest interpretation, in which hundreds of men as pure as themselves find no such meaning, involve a greater sin than the ruin of a woman's character and life and the casting out of one's own child.

These are the men who continue to pose before the public as leaders in reform and advocates of a higher standard of political morals. Col. Codman has the grace to say that he votes for Gov. Cleveland with some hesitation, but Col. Lyman and the great majority say they do it "with confidence." It is evident that the Republican party could not be purified until these men had left it. The party would have been degraded to hopeless infamy if it had accepted their code of morals.

In their profound abasement at supporting a libertine for President, they put forward a single plea—that Gov. Cleveland's political record was stainless and he would have courage to resist the tendencies of the Democratic party. Reformers whose purity is too sacred to remain in the Republican party must find some apology for their course. A Democratic, Gov. Cleveland, they said, will have the courage of his convictions and will have his signature to any bad legislation. Alas! The stars in their courses fight against these deserters to the Democracy. Their failure is absolute and hopeless. This last prop gives way and they are left struggling in the slough, with no possibility of escape.

Their model candidate, so firm and courageous to resist bad legislation, abductees to advance the power of resistance, and gives himself over, bound hand and foot, to the Democratic leaders. In his letter of acceptance—the most explicit political document of the campaign—he defines the Presidency as an executive office, entrusted by the Constitution with no power to originate measures of administration. That power, he says, belongs only to Congress, and the President carries out their will. To make his bondage complete, he adds that he is the servant of the Democratic party, appointed as leader to give success to the party policy. As an executive officer and a servant of the Democracy, he must register their will.

What a cruel blow to the Independents, who have been clinging in desperation to this last hope! To what use have we come at last. Look at the humiliation. Abolitionists denouncing the champions of slavery; patriot soldiers working with the Confederate leaders; prides in morals supporting a libertine; and

political reformers advocating the election of a President who pledges himself to execute the will of the Democratic party. Can one imagine the surprise and shame of their descendants in reading the record of their appalling blunders. No such ignominious failure is recorded in political history.

The Spanish Armada, the most magnificent fleet in naval history, sailed from Lisbon with floating banners and booming cannon and proud hopes, confident of the speedy conquest of England. A few months later a few scattered vessels skulked back to various ports with torn sails and shattered hulks and despairing crews, eager only to find some hiding place for their shame. In midsummer a brilliant company of Independent leaders gathered in council in New York and called on the world to notice their lofty aims and their grand plans of political reform. They were a grand company, whose past record had been worthy of all honor. They might have organized a great party, certain of future success. They might have compelled the respect of the country by a high code of political and social morals. But they betrayed their followers by leading them into the Democratic camp. They betrayed the cause of freedom and free suffrage by deserting to its foes. They betrayed good morals and sound political principles by condoning libertinism and supporting a Bourbon. And in November next it may be hoped that, like the survivors of the beaten and disgraced Armada, they will return from public view and hide their heads in shame, bankrupt in political fortunes as in honor.

HERMAN S. LINCOLN.

Newton, Sept. 25, 1884.

The Indianapolis Journal says Mr. George W. Julian, in his article in the North American Review, in January, 1883, entitled "Railway Influence in the Land Office," said that the Department of the Interior, under the control of Mr. Schurz was simply the tool of railway corporations. Mr. Schurz received a letter from the president of the Northern Pacific railway, asking for a certain certificate, so as to be able to issue bonds to raise money. To issue the certificate, Mr. Schurz had to reverse the rulings and decisions of the department; but he did it, and the president of the company was obliged. Afterward, the president of the same company furnished the money for the purchase of the New York Evening Post, and Mr. Schurz was installed as editor at a large salary. Was the citizenship in the nature of payment for Mr. Schurz's reversal of law and precedent for the benefit of a railway corporation? Mr. Schurz is the last man in the country who should talk of "corruption" in other public men.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, the eminent Irish publicist, has had a relapse and is now lying at the point of death in Dublin. His relatives have been summoned to his bedside.

Anna Dickinson is living in retirement at her mother's house at West Pittston, Pa.

Remarks from Rev. Mr. Ryter.

To the Editor of the Mercury: Dear Sir— I have appreciated highly the courtesy and kindness with which you have referred to my attitude upon the political questions of the day. Will you allow me space in your paper to make a personal explanation to the honest temperance people who still remain in the Republican Party? To the dishonest temperance people in any party and to all who sympathize with the liquor interests I desire to make an explanation save that of determined and vigorous hostility to all their schemes. But I am sorry to be misunderstood by my best friends and unwilling to be misrepresented in the public press so generally as I have been of late. If therefore you will do me this favor I would like to say three things. First: It is true that I stand politically, socially, religiously and every other way on the broad and enduring principles of the Temperance Reform. And consequently I am in this so called Prohibitionary Party. But I am in it for and only so far as it is utterly and purely and singly devoted to the destruction of the rum power in our land. With partisan politics or local issues I have nothing to do. In no far as recent caucuses or conventions have been mere political schemes, or vents for narrowness, I repudiate all connection therewith. What I said was spoken for myself alone. My position was taken solely on my own convictions. I want no one else to be blamed on my account, and I most decline to be responsible for the gentlemen of these. And I give notice to all concerned that if this prohibition movement, locally or nationally, degenerates from a lofty contest for righteous measures into a contemptible quarrel about men and offices I will abandon and denounce it in the most unapologetic language I can command.

Second: My right to participate in political deliberations has been called in question and my consistency challenged. It is true that I have never been a voter in this state. By the somewhat peculiar law of Rhode Island I have been disfranchised for the space of three years. How much longer I am to be deprived of my citizenship, I am zealously trying to find out. But it had never occurred to me that thereby I was denied the liberty of speech on the re-nomination of a moral party to the community. I attended the Prohibition caucus last week as an interested spectator. At the invitation of the Chair I stated my views on the Temperance issue which I will gladly do at the Republican or Democratic caucus if I am thus invited. At the conventions in Providence a more active part was assigned. I felt that I had a right to take it. My name was used to fill a vacancy on the delegation. I participated in the debates and business of the session. But my incapacity at the polls was fully known. At least on my part there has not been the slightest attempt at concealment. If this has a dishonest appearance I sincerely regret it. I am sure however there has been no dishonesty behind the appearance.

Third: My action as a Prohibitionist, recent or remote, has not been affected in the least degree by the candidacy of Mr. Blaine. In proof of this it is enough to say that I was in the Prohibition Party long before the present Presidential issue arose. In concluding let me say that I am none the less a Prohibitionist. I stand where I do because in neither of the old parties do I see any hope for the abolition of the liquor traffic and because I profoundly believe that our land can be delivered from this monstrous iniquity only by the union of temperance men on this single issue. For those who have nearly differ from me I feel only kindness and high regard. And I earnestly hope that in the crisis of a Presidential election all men in all parties will vote according to their most conscientious convictions and in the fear of God. In so doing they may feel sure of my unflinching respect.

Very Respectfully Yours,
P. W. RYTER.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 30, 1884.

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A large assortment of Trunks, Valises and Travelling Bags.
A few more Fly-Whippers left.

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because of the high price, will now find them within their means. Don't forget the

PREMIUMS

Offered for the best crops of Pearl of Savoy

POTATOES,

Which are only to be obtained by the use of Stockbridge Manures.

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Grass Seed,
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and food for Flowers.

And will procure anything in the line of Farmers and Gardeners supplies, at short notice.

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We are connected by Telephone and all orders through same will receive our immediate attention.

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This wood is for sale in sacks of 60 lbs. each at 60 cts per sack by

PINNIGER & MANCHESTER, PERRY MILL WHARF.

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FOR the PUREST & MOST ECONOMICAL

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Two large Cases of fine

FALL CLOTHING.

No better Goods or Styles to be found than is contained in this lot of Goods.

189 Thames St. 189

TAYLOR & BENNETT.

Unity Club

Lectures and Chamber Concerts

AT THE

Channing Memorial Church.

THIRD SEASON.

1. Thursday Evening, Oct. 24, 1884—

GEORGE W. CARLISLE, the eminent novelist and writer, will give a reading from his own works.

2. Thursday Evening, Nov. 13, 1884.

MRS. MARY LIVERMORE, on a social topic.

3. Thursday Evening, Nov. 27, 1884.

THE BEETHOVEN QUARTETTE CLUB assisted by Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, in a chamber concert.

4. Thursday Evening, December 11, 1884.

HON. WILLIAM FARRISON lectures on "Moral Reform, the Child, the Artist, the Hero."

5. Tuesday Evening, December 30, 1884.

SIDNEY WOLLEY will recite "The Tempest."

6. Thursday Evening, January 10, 1885.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB in a chamber concert.

7. The lectures and concerts begin at 8 o'clock. No reserved seats.

COURSE TICKETS, \$1.50, good for the six evenings, new on sale at JOHN ROGERS' Music Store, 210 Thames St. JENKINS' BOOK STORE, 122 Bellevue Ave.

Single admissions will be 50 and 25 cents.

FARM TO LET, on the east side of South-west neck, Southeast Point Farm has the best seaweed right in the State. Possession given January first next. Apply to ALFRED SMITH, Sole Agent.

Torses kept through the winter at reasonable rates.

HERMAN F. PECKHAM, Middletown, R. I.

10-4

NOTICE.

PERSONS wishing to put out horses to pasture for 15 cents each, per week, in good feed, will do well to address

HERMAN F. PECKHAM, Middletown, R. I.

Torses kept through the winter at reasonable rates.

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10-4

THREE. THREE. THREE.

THE MODEL.

HARVARD.

IDEAL.

FORMING A

Grand Triumvirate Racing for Supremacy,

EACH ABSOLUTELY FORMIST IN ITS CLASS.

THE MODEL RANGE is a model from which all other makers try to copy. THE HARVARD is a very desirable round Parlor Stove. THE MAGEE IDEAL, as its name suggests, is the very ideal of the beautiful SQUARE ART HEATERS, to be found only at Headquarters. Examination and criticism at the

MAMMOTH EMPORIUM

OF

A. C. TITUS & CO.,

225 to 229 THAMES STREET.

New Advertisements.

REMOVAL.

We would inform our friends and public generally, that we will remove to our

NEW STORE, CORNER OF

Thames & Frank Sts.,

On Monday, Sept. 22,

With a larger stock of

clothing, and better advantage

than at our former place.

We remain,

Very Respectfully

Walsh Brothers,

Cor. Thames & Frank Sts.,

NEWPORT, R. I.

FOR SALE.

NEW DEMOCRAT and 2 second-hand

wagons, apply to

J. B. DACHELLER, Langley's wharf,

P. O. Box 115.

Farrow

Would call the attention of SPORTSMEN

and all others using

POWDER,

Ammunition of all kinds,

AND FISHING TACKLE TO HIS

STOCK,

48 Washington Square,

Opposite State House.

FOR SALE.

40,000 Feet of Land

upon Glib's Avenue, with the opportunity of

building on Olanville Avenue, with a frontage of

200 feet on each Avenue, and overlooking the

ocean and First Beach.

—APPLY TO—

Chas. Henry Parker,

47 Tremont St. Boston.

NEWPORT COUNTY NEWS.

JAMESTOWN.

The correspondent of the Providence

Journal says that during the present

term of the Supreme Court in Newport

it has been extensively read by the

inhabitants here, from published Court

reports, that the case of Amos Cross

against Samuel H. Honey et al., in the

matter of the South Beaver Tail Farm

complications, had been marked for trial

in Providence, and many will therefore

be surprised to learn that the case was

actually up for trial before that Court

in N-wport on Monday, and, as it now

appears, by means of a previous assign-
ment by the same Court. But from the

fact of its sudden reappearance at least

six lawyers in this erratic, comet-like

case were not thrown off their base, and

after contradictory legal statements

made by some of them, the determined

efforts to secure a trial failed, and upon

mention of Mr. Hopkins and Col. Van

Slyck, of Providence, in behalf of Cross,
the case now stands marked for trial inNewport on the third Monday in Octo-
ber before a special term of the Court.

This will be a gratifying news to some

Connecticut people, who would have been

disappointed had the case proceeded on

Monday without their presence as specu-
lators.

The Islanders will be glad to learn

that Mr. John Gay Watson's health has

greatly improved, and that he will soon

be able to resume his duties as Town

Clerk.

Mr. Anthony, proprietor of the Con-
solute Park Hotel, came down from Pro-
vidence with his wife to spend Sunday

at the Park.

There are two cottages on Walcott

avenue belonging to Professor Eustis

that have been enlarged.

PORTSMOUTH

RELIGIOUS.—The Rt. Rev. H. C. Pot-
ter, D. D., assistant bishop of New Yorkofficiated at St. Mary's Church on Sun-
day morning.

The Rev. Lewis L. Briggs conducted

both afternoon and evening services at

the Christian Church.

ITEMS.—Mr. Edward A. Coggeshall

has reinglided the upper pitch of the

roof to the horse stable for Miss Kate

Barstow.

Mr. Nathan H. Peckham has com-
menced the erection of Mrs. Harriet N.

Brown's new house, at Newtown.

On Monday evening last a company

composed of the friends of Miss Annie

E. Sherman from Newport spent a social

evening with her at her home. They

were taken out by Mr. W. C. Hazard in

his drag the "Belle of Newport."

The Bristol Ferry school and their

friends participated in a picnic on the

grounds of Miss Mary G. Hicks on Sat-
urday last. The school in this district

is taught by Miss Clara E. Dennis of this

town who is considered one of our best

teachers.

The Rev. W. B. Coleman of Utica,
New York, has been a guest at St.

Mary's rectory a few days this

week.

A private social was given last Friday

evening, in Oakland Hall, by the young

people of this town. The music for the

occasion was by an orchestra from New-
port.

CAUCUS.—The Republican electors of

this town are requested to meet at the

Town Hall, on Monday, Oct. 6th at 7.30

o'clock P. M., to elect delegates to at-
tend the State and first Congressional

District Convention in State's Hall in

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. MATTHEW HOWLAND, one of the

best known citizens of New Bedford,

died very suddenly on Sunday at the age

of 70. He was in active business in

connection with the whale fisheries for

most of his life, with his father and his

brother George. He was a life-long

and useful member of the Society of

Friends, was an elder, had been Clerk

of the New Bedford Monthly Meeting

for about 30 years, and at the time of

his death was Clerk of Sandwich Quar-
terly meeting. He had been Director of

the National Bank of Commerce and its

predecessor, the Bedford Commercial

Bank, since 1862. He was a benevolent

man. For many years he was President

of the New Bedford Bible Society. He

was a member of the Common Council

for five years, from 1850, President of

that Board in 1852 and 1853, and an Al-
derman for five years, beginning with

1861.

CONNECTICUT.

Mrs. Michael Langley, the second

woman who was hurt by the falling Cas-
pale at Tataville Friday night, died Sun-
day morning.Gen. Grant was at Danbury on Sat-
urday.

A burglar roused Burnham Lillibridge

a well-to-do Willington farmer, of about

\$200 early on Monday morning.

Residents of West Haven have sub-
scribed \$20,000 toward building a rail-
road from that place to New Haven.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Concord river is unprecedent-
ly low, and most of the mills and fac-
tories in Henniker and Penacook have

been obliged to shut down.

SUPREME COURT.

September Term—Third Week.

The court came in Monday, Justices Dur-

fee and Matteson presiding.

Mary A. Saunders vs. Montgomery San-
ders, for divorce, granted.Lizzie Gould vs. Alvin O. Gould, divorce,
granted.Jeremiah O'Leary was admitted to citi-
zenship of the United States.

The cases of John A. C. Stacy vs. Francis

E. Lewis; of Nancy Hazard vs. Newport

Water Works; of Mary A. Murray vs. John

N. A. Griswold; of Charles Woodward vs.

Caroline M. Seymour; of Rowland Lewis vs.

Jonathan A. Stinson, admr., of Isaac N.

Howland vs. Edward W. Howland, of Amos

Cross vs. S. R. Honey et al., and of Andrew

L. Ester, admr., vs. John C. Howland et

al., were heard and decided held.

In the Stone Bridge controversy the Court

rendered the opinion that the expenses of

supporting the bridge should be shared equally

by the several towns.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

Light's O'London.

This famous play, which has a truly en-

tertaining one or two large audiences here,

will be presented at the Opera House two

nights next week, Friday and Saturday,

by the Union Square Theatre Company. The

Evening Record of Adrian, thus spoke of the

piece in 1882:

The initial performance of the "Lights

O'London" was given at the Opera House

last evening to a magnificent audience. The

play had been well advertised, and the pub-
lic had been led to expect a very fine enter-
tainment, and was not disappointed. Theplay, as a whole, is the finest and best pro-
duced, in every particular, of any of the so-

called "modern plays." The scenery and ef-

fects far exceeded anything ever seen in this

city.

In the Mercury Window.

A superb set weighing five pounds and

measuring 15 1/2 inches across; grown by J. D.

Holler on Fair street.

Simple ears of corn from J. H. Watson

and William Gilpin of Newport and Edward

Burrill of Middletown.

Specimens of Sea Island Cotton raised in

Brighton, S. C., sent by Charles Bliss.

The marriage of C. L. East, Colonel Com-

manding 1st U. S. Artillery at Fort Adams,

and Miss Mary Parker of New York, was

celebrated at the bride's summer residence on

Bellevue terrace Monday afternoon, the Rt.

Rev. Bishop Clark, D. D., assisted by Rev.

G. J. Magill, officiating.

At Grace Church, S. rectory, N. Y., Wed-

nesday Oct. 1st by the Rev. Thomas L. Ran-

dolph, Edward H. Simms of Devere Cam-
bridge, to Elizabeth M. daughter of the offi-

ciating clergyman.

In this city, Sept. 30th, by Rev. Warren

Randolph, Mr. John Easton Ellis, Jr. and

Miss Margie H. Carlisle, all of Newport.

In this city, Sept. 30th, by the Rev. Thomas

Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island, assisted by

the Rev. L. B. B. J. S. Army, to Mary,

daughter of the late John S. Tucker, of

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